Now what my love is proofe hath you are keene.
And as my love is ciz'd my feauaning to take off mine edge.
Where loyall great, thru worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For some must watch whilest some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir, and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doest know O *Damon* deare
This realme dismantled was
Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musicke, come the Recorders,
For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, some musicke.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole Historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer t
nifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to his purga
would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame
And stare not so wildly upon my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction o
rit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right b
if it shall please you to make mee a wholsome answer, I wi
your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and m
turne shall be the end of the businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but si
answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as you sa
mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother y

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behaviour hath strooke he
amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mother!
there no sequell at the heels of this mothers admiration? i

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go t

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; hav
any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord you once did love me.